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struggle of the artisans of Holland, for a whole century, against the literature and the money of a despotism similar exactly, and almost as powerful as those that are league to-day against liberty.

I said there were two Massachusetts. There is one that sends Everett to the Senate. There is another that follows in long procession the dust of Webster to his grave; that meets year after year to celebrate his obsequies, or his birth; that is always crying 'Peace, Peace, Peace.' Let us go and make money; that is busy at Lowell and Lawrence in making a tariff that shall fill the United States Treasury to enable them, with the surplus funds, to buy up all the real virtue there is at Washington, and to vote for the Nebraska bill; that stands bent over her forges and looms, diligently forging her own chains. But, thank God, there is another Massachusetts; it is the Massachusetts which crowds, Sunday after Sunday, the spacious four-thousand-people-holding walls of Theodore Parker's church (great applause)—whom no badge of infidel blasphemy, written by a recreant church over its portals, can scare away. There is another Massachusetts, that sends Charles Sumner to fill the Webster's place, (applause), and hopes that if he is not perfect, he is at least an improvement (laughter). There is another Massachusetts, which feels, as we do here, that it owes a deep debt to liberty and justice. Our Webster incurred it all. When he proved traitor to the North, he made the State bankrupt, so far as her debt and credit account with liberty is concerned. We put Banker Hill, and Hancock, and Adams, into one scale; and yet he stood there with the hopes of millions, with the public opinion just rising of this glorious nineteenth century in his hand, and crushed it all. The great leader, in whom every eye was gathered, for whom all hearts were beating, veiled his crest and went down. The State was bankrupt; her scale kicked the beam. We are here to do what little we can in the way of protest; at least, we owe a great labor to endeavor to pay that debt to liberty and justice. This Massachusetts, of which we speak, has laid his dust with his sins and sorrows in the pining soil, and he devotes herself hereafter to undoing, if it may be, the great wrong that he did to the slave (applause). This is the other Massachusetts; and if the South will not go out of the Union, she will kick Massachusetts out. We will not stay together; we will not assist in any, at any, in this great extension of Slavery empire. Our devoted efforts must be to break up the very formative elements, to tear up the root of this evil; to change the educational sources of the country; to make the very commencement of American life different.

I have endeavored to describe to you Edward Everett. I tried to add no epithet of blame as I did it. I would like to have you forget the man, and think of the schools and pulpits of Massachusetts that made him. No Anti-Slavery effort is worth anything, that does not intend to change these. It is no great matter for liberty, if Nebraska triumphs to-day. All political triumphs are deceptive. In the true sense of the word, to the man who believes in God, liberty is never beaten; she is always victorious. If the South adds Nebraska to her territory, in the end she only falls with a greater crash. But how soon, and what is our duty in the premises, are altogether different questions.

Let me point out to you, for a moment, the position in which we stand. It is this: This Union of which I have spoken is permanent. This Government is in constant session; it never goes away; it never intermits. Wellington, when he fought the battle of Waterloo, will recollect, stationed a solid square of infantry in the center of his post, six or eight deep. They stood with fixed bayonets; and no matter what cavalry, no matter how many cannon, no matter what force was brought against them, they never changed their places. If a cannon ball went through them, they closed up; if the French cavalry made an onset, and one rank was broken, on their dead bodies another stood fixed; and it was by this central anchor that, against the maddest efforts of French enthusiasm, he gained the day. Now the Government, which is the Slave Power, is just like this—a hundred thousand men and twenty millions of dollars capital in constant session, with nothing else to do but to bribe Everett, to buy up Websters, and to subvert Michigan; with nothing else to do but to create public opinion; and if it cannot be created to-day, can wait till to-morrow. There it sits perpetually—no spring, no winter; no night, no day—sleepless and vigilant. If Nebraska is defeated to-day by the hot fury of the North, the Government can wait until it cools. She can say with the old English baron, 'I bid my time.' If Mr. Sumner and Mr. Hale, if Mr. Greeley and Mr. Benton, if Sam Houston and the North, defeat the South to-day, you cannot keep the North at a white heat forever; she will cool to-morrow. The merchant goes home to his counting-room, the lawyer to his client, the doctor to his patient, the clergyman to his parish, and the flying militia of reform is dissolved, the guerrilla troops and hastily levied soldiers of reform, every man with a different motto—Sumner with his 'No Slavery extension,' Greeley with his patent Whigism, somebody else with his Democracy—will soon disband and go home. To-day we are melted, and cohere by an enthusiastic purpose, but you cannot keep men at work forever. National interests come in. We must eat and drink, attend to business, and support our families; and we go home. Meantime, the Government, unrelenting, always in session, always rich, stands ready to buy up and bully, to circumvent and to undermine; that is the reason why she carries all questions. She is ever there—and the moment the weak hour comes, she seizes it for her purpose.

A man can at times be wound up to the pitch of heroism, and fling down martyrdom under his feet, and face the stake; but a million of men are not martyrs. Martin Luther was at a burning heat all his life; and the white ashes have never yet covered the burning enthusiasm of the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery cause (Mr. Garrison). But saints do not march in regiments, and martyrs do not travel in battalions; they come alone, once in an age. You cannot create an Anti-Slavery sentiment so durable, so unrelenting, so vigilant, that the Government cannot outwit and undermine it; consequently, the only way in which you can save the slave is so to arrange political circumstances, that there shall be no Government in existence.

What has the Union ever done for us? Absolutely nothing. I challenge any man to-day to tell me what it has ever done. Every one of us pays five dollars on every coat—for what? That there may be a national treasury full of gold; that great men may go to Washington to make each other President. There was an old Swedish statesman, who told his son to remember with how little wisdom the world was governed. The whole world must be governed with very little wisdom indeed, for this nation manages to govern without any wisdom at all. Congress is engaged year after year in making Presidents, and but little else, while the Slave Power is engaged in nothing but getting additional territory; in the meantime, the practical working Government goes along of itself. While Douglas and Cass are making Presidents, Sumner and Chase are resisting their being made. It is a regular cock-pit for the contention of champions, and the utmost hope of success that the battle will be a drawn one. (Applause.) He does not hope for victory. What does Greeley hope from the Union? Why, that he will raise up a terrible North, that is to do what? To defeat Nebraska, to prevent Douglas from becoming President! Well, suppose he does; Cuba is the next issue, and you will have as many Douglas's to defeat as you will wait for.

My old mathematical professor at college used to say, that man could not invent a perpetual-motion machine, because the resistance to be overcome was always equal to the power to propel; and that the difficulty about every machine got up for that purpose was, that it would not go. Well, our Government is exactly the same; our fathers created it, and supposed it was a machine that would move perpetually in favor of liberty.

While the result has been, unfortunately, that the South has been a little too powerful for the North, and, so far, the perpetual motion has been on the wrong side; it has ceased to move in favor of liberty. Sumner men, like my excellent friends Sumner and Hale, have hoped that one power would neutralize the other; but, thus far, the Union has conferred upon us the benefit of doing nothing. For what has the Union done? I repeat. It has not manufactured cotton at Lowell; it can do this in spite of the Union. It has not dug coal from Pennsylvania; it has not raised grain in Illinois; it has not settled the West; it has not ploughed the ocean with New York commerce. No; thank God, New York does not make money because South Carolina whips negroes. She can do it without. I proclaim my belief, that a Yankee can make money, even if the South-erner does not scourge his slave; that the sense of the men that fought at Bunker Hill can maintain peace in the streets of Boston, although there are no women writing under the lash on the plantations of Louisiana. No Union to which Adams and Hancock and Jay put their hands was ever meant to have for its cement the blood of the slave. (Applause.) And if to-day of these men could speak to you, instead of finding fault with disunion, he would say, 'Children, do us the justice to believe that we did not intend the foul trick that has been wrought upon you; that, with the experience of sixty years, we would not bid you not to hold back your hands, but to dash in fragments the proof of our only, but our fatal mistake, to blot out the only record that humanity has against our memory.' It is but justice to the past to suppose that they did not mean to leave us such a legacy as they have done. Do you suppose that if Samuel Adams had foreseen Webster, he would not have cut off his right hand before he would have sanctioned the American Constitution? Do you suppose that if he had foreseen Everett, he would not have faint before he would have lifted up his prayer for the perpetuity of this Union? Do you suppose that if he could have seen the Court-house of Boston hung in chains, in order that men might be kept silent while a slave was carried back to his master, he would not have protested against a Government which made it necessary?

But I have already occupied more time than I should have done on an occasion like the present, and I will not pursue this subject any further.

Mrs. ABY KELLEY FOSTER next addressed the assembly in a brief, energetic, uncompromising speech, which we are obliged to defer this week.

Mr. GARRISON then came forward, and said he should not trespass long upon the courtesy or patience of the meeting, at that late hour. Enough had already been said to inspire every heart with a just sense of the glorious nature of the anti-slavery enterprise.

For himself, if he wished to know aught respecting his patriotism or piety, he had but a single test to present—THE SLAVE! He had no Constitution, no Union, no country, no Bible, no God, aside from this SLAVE, until the hour when the victim should be loosed from his chains, lifted up from his degradation into the sunlight of heaven, placed upon his feet, and recognized as a whole man. (Applause.) Eighteen hundred years ago, an apostle, now honored as a saint, but then deemed a madman and a heretic, boldly proclaimed, 'I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified'—not glorified, but crucified—between two thieves—the worst of them both. So, in a similar spirit, he trusted, and under analogous circumstances, he (Mr. G.) was determined to know nothing, in this country, save THE SLAVE, and him branded as a chattel. (Applause.)

If there had been time, he was going to give to the audience some refreshing reminiscences in regard to his clerical brethren, and their position touching the anti-slavery cause. (Cries of 'Go on!') Mr. G. proceeded to show the extreme hostility of the clergy, generally, to that cause and its uncompromising advocates, for the last quarter of a century; and how severely they had impeached the judgment, opposed the policy, and deprecated the spirit and language of the abolitionists, accusing the latter of retarding the work of emancipation, and declaring that the Southern slaveholders would yield a listening ear, if approached in a suitable manner. Well, these clerical fault-finders had at last tried their hand, 'judiciously' and 'piously'—as in the case of the pending Nebraska bill—and with what result? Though only exhibiting a morality on this subject, 'bounded by 36 deg. 30 min. North latitude,' and making no issue whatever with slavery as it exists in fifteen States of the Union, they had nevertheless been assailed in the fiercest manner and with the vilest epithets, in Congress and out of it—a most righteous retribution! Mr. G. read extracts from various Southern journals, denouncing the clerical remonstrants as guilty of treason, blasphemy, &c. In concluding his remarks, he said we were all shut up, of necessity, to one of two alternatives—either to give battle, in the name of God, to the Slave Power, as it presents itself, a hideous devil, or else openly to deny that there is any God, and pay homage to this devil as one exalted above all that is called God. (Loud applause.)

The following resolution was then offered by Mr. Garrison, which was adopted:

Resolved, That at a time when the churches of the land are for the most part closed against the advocates of the slave, the thanks of this meeting are especially due to the trustees of the Broadway Universalist Society, for permitting the American Anti-Slavery Society to worship; and that the Secretary of this Society be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to the trustees aforesaid.

After singing another hymn, the Society adjourned.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The first annual meeting of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society (auxiliary to the American A. S. Society) was held in the Broadway Tabernacle on Friday evening last. The speakers announced for the occasion were Rev. Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. Notwithstanding the admission fee of 12 cents, the spacious building was densely crowded by as intelligent and weighty an assembly as ever convened for any purpose in that city; and the strongest demonstrations of approval were manifested throughout the proceedings.

The meeting was called to order by LAURENCE WYMORE, Esq., the President of the Society.

The Chairman introduced Rev. Mr. MAY, of Massachusetts, who opened the exercises with prayer.

The annual report was alluded to by the President. It is printed, and makes a pamphlet of 24 pages.

Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston, would ask the attention of the audience for a few moments to the state of slavery in America. Geographically viewed, our country is beautiful exceedingly. Here is the foundation of a great nation; not a nation, but a commonwealth of men, and much better than the Anglo-Saxon. The Eastern and Western sections of the country are all that a nation could desire. What a spectacle it is! A nation not eighty years old, so great in its cradle! All this is a democracy a republic. No priest to stand between the people and their God—no Popes to impose their priest and king. Every thing—speech, travel, religion, the press, is free. It is a nation founded upon industry. A nation of farmers and miners, not soldiers. The army gives one soldier to every twenty-four thousand inhabitants. The nation is the wealthiest, next to England, on the face of the globe. Above all this, she is the great American idea—that every man is entitled to certain inalienable rights, on which the government must rest. Above that is the other idea—one God, one Christianity, whose worship is love.

What a contrast this seems to Europe! And this is the aspect presented to the victims of European despotism by this country. But when you come nearer, the land is black with slavery. More than one eighth of the citizens are called cattle, and the rights of humanity must not be extended.

Mr. PARKER read from the Richmond Enquirer, to prove that the leading idea of the South was in accordance with the above statement. In spite of law, slavery has gone to California, and in the State in whose capital twelve hundred murders have been committed in one year, slavery has been very properly legalized for a short time, preparatory to its final establishment. Senator Fiske, whose brother is a slave, threatened to hang John P. Hale on the highest pine in Alabama, because he was the only man that dared to be true to freedom. There is not one spot of free soil, from Nootka Sound to Key West. In no part of the country is there freedom, except the five thousand acres that Daniel Webster surrendered to Ashburton in 1842. (Hisses and applause.)

The President should be sworn upon a negro's back; he should be sworn to protect no laws but fugitive slave laws—no property but slaves. The Supreme Court is a slave court, the Senate is a slave Senate, the Senators are slaveholders. Mr. Douglas is a great overseer, and Mr. Everett is a little overseer. (Laughter and applause.) The government gives a homestead to every white man's child, but will give none to children of the same color that Madison left behind him. (Hisses and applause.) It is a crime to teach these children their letters, that they may sell out their Bibles. At the North, the black man is shut out of the meeting-houses because he is black, although, according to their theory, he may sit in heaven with the just men made perfect. The black man is driven out of the graveyard, even. Only the gallows and the jail are open to the black man. The press is generally the friend of slavery. By the old Virginia law, when a slave had three fourths white blood in his veins, he became free. It is a fact, that most of the Virginia slaves are from half to three fourths white. This being the fact, it was proposed to repeal the law, and make the standard nine tenths. Now, Mr. Jefferson left children by his slaves, and before they could be free, their female descendants might bear slave children to slave Presidents, from Jefferson to Pierce.

In relation to Mr. Agassiz, Mr. PARKER said, that by his recent treatise on races, he had sold himself to the support of slavery, and all the Southern press have joined in the exultation over his defection. Mr. Mitchell comes over here, and has the reputation of being a brave man; but here, the Irish Apostle is only the slaveholder's Paddy. The Emperor of Russia, even, has liberated some three millions of his slaves. What a contrast between the Autocrat of Russia and the slaveholding democracy of the United States! What a sight to behold, that every eighth person in the land cannot call his or her little finger their own! And, though America claimed to be an educational country, yet, throughout one half of the land, it was forbidden to teach those oppressed children of toil the three letters that spell God. Though we translated the Bible into one hundred and forty languages, and sent missionaries to every part of the world, the only missionary that approached the slave was the overseer with his whip, in place of a Bible. The Scandinavian, the German, the French, all hate slavery, except the Irish, who, as a general thing, side with the slaveholders. He would like to see a Catholic priest come out in opposition to this iniquity. (Applause.)

The voice of commerce here in New York was hostile to freedom, as was also the greater part of the capital of Massachusetts. The coastwise slave-trade was a profitable business to capitalists. In the year 1841, a ship, named the Edward Everett, carried negroes on two voyages between Baltimore and the extreme South. A fit name, indeed. (Applause, and some hissing.) The great men—the great major prophets—A. C. Calhoun, and Webster, were prophets of slavery and against freedom. (Hisses and loud applause.) Even John Q. Adams, as President, did nothing against slavery, though in his latter days, he made ample amends for his acts of omission. All the Presidents, Secretaries and office-holders are and have been pro-slavery men. Pierce himself, in his inaugural, took sides decidedly with the South. In the States, too, all the Governors were, if not pro-slavery men, at least not anti-slavery in their professions of political faith, with the exception of Vermont, which, however, was in no way a commercial State. Slavery, though not mentioned in the Constitution, had effectually controlled the country since 1787.

The speaker then went on to say that, however public opinion might change in regard to politics, national banks, tariffs, donations of the public lands, &c., it never changed in respect to slavery. He referred to the agricultural and natural resources of the Southern States as being especially valuable, and contended that those States were by no means as wealthy and prosperous as their natural advantages would permit them to be, if slavery were abolished. The speaker then read an immense array of figures relative to the population, school statistics, land under cultivation, circulation of newspapers, number of persons able to read and write, and an enormous quantity of other particulars, occupying nearly half an hour in the reading of them—all of which he requested the reporters to give in extenso. The gist of the argument, however, was to show that New York was a greater State in point of numbers, wealth and commerce, than Virginia. He then touched upon the Golden Rule, and the Nebraska bill, and branched off to the acquisition of Cuba. He expressed it as his belief, that Lopez met with a deserved fate when he lost his life on the scaffold. This was another move, he believed, to extend slavery; but he thought that England, on account of her Spanish debt, would not consent to our acquiring Cuba. Moreover, he understood that there was an agreement between England and Spain to emancipate all the slaves in Cuba within twenty years. Thus, as to our attacking the island, he would remind his hearers that the Captain General had a document in his pocket, authorizing him to free and arm the blacks at such a moment as he saw fit. The fastnesses of the island, the vomit, and other diseases, would render the conduct of a war extremely difficult. Besides that, Spain would issue letters of marque. How, then, would the stocks in Wall and State streets be, when the news of the seizure of our ships was received? (Stamping of feet, and signs of impatience.)

Mr. P.—Pardon me, my friends; you will soon have better things—the good wine last.

Mr. P. went on amid many signs of dissatisfaction and impatience, having, up to this period, occupied two hours. He contrasted that large assembly with the fact that Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, a few years ago, were unable to get a hall in this city, in which to hold a meeting. In the course of his observations, when speaking about the exclusion of the word 'slavery' from the Constitution, yet the influence of that institution controlled the government of the country, whether Whig or Democrat, he related what he termed an old legend, to the following effect:—Before the flood, there existed a monstrous giant that they called Gog; and when the waters were rising, and the ark was about to float, he waded towards it, avoiding the deep holes, (laughter), and asked Noah to take him on board. But Captain Noah said:—No, I can't take you on board; you are a dangerous fellow, and you'll make trouble. I dare not take you on board; and he shut down the window of the ark. (Renewed merriment.) 'Go to thunder,' said Gog. 'I'll ride, after all!' and he put his foot on the side of the ark, and got astride on it, with his right leg on the starboard and his left on the larboard, and so he was enabled to steer the ark wherever way he pleased, and made things very uncomfortable within. It was so [Mr. P. resumed] with the Constitution; they would not take slavery in—there was no such word to be found in it—it was allowed to get astride, and it had ever since governed the country, and made things very uncomfortable within.

At last, fresh evidence of impatience and weariness being manifested by the audience, in consequence of the great length of his speech, the lateness of the hour, and a desire to hear the other speakers that had been advertised in the programme, (Messrs. Garrison and Phillips), Mr. PARKER gave way to

A SLAVE-CATCHER IN WORCESTER.

MR. GARRISON—Will you please call attention to the fact, that CHARLES DEVEREUX, Jr., Esq., late U. S. Marshal—principal slave-hunter in the Sims and other Boston slave cases—under whose auspices the Boston Court-house was surrounded with chains, which none but 'gentlemen from the South' could pass without a permit from him—has just opened a law-office in Worcester? This caution may be needed for the safety of fugitive slaves, who, relying on the anti-slavery reputation of this city, may direct their course hither.

Yours, WORCESTER.

NEW ENGLAND

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston, in the Melodeon, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 20th and 21st, and June 1st, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

No trumpet-call, especially in a crisis like the present, is deemed necessary in order to bring together, on this occasion, those who are sincere, earnest and uncompromising in their hostility to slavery, and also such as are honestly inquiring, for the first time, what are their responsibilities and duties in regard to that hideous system. Knowing that the platform of the Convention is free for all, whatever may be their peculiar views on the subject, and rejoicing that another favorable opportunity will be afforded to arouse the Northern mind, and to give a staggering blow to that Demonic Power which rules the land, they will rally after the manner of '76, but with no sectional or personal feelings, and with a desire to save all, to destroy none.

'Up, then, for Freedom!—not in strife,
Like that our sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life,
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With these mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God.'

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLACE, Sec.

NEW ENGLAND

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The undersigned respectfully invite
All citizens of New England who believe in the right of laborers to control their own earnings;
All who believe in a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;

All who believe in the equal right of all children in the community to all public provisions for education;
All who believe in the right of human beings to determine their own 'proper sphere' of action;
All who believe in the right of all to a trial by a jury of their peers;
All who believe that 'taxation without representation is tyranny';

All who believe in the right of adult Americans to have a voice in electing the Government whose laws control them;

To meet in Convention, at BOSTON, on FRIDAY, the 21st of June next, to consider whether these rights shall continue to be limited to one half the members of this Community.

Paulina W. Davis, Sarah H. Earle,
Samuel W. Wheeler, David A. Wasson,
Anna Fairbanks, S. Crosby Hewitt,
Anna Talbot Fairbanks, Harrietta C. Ingersoll,
The. Wentworth Higginson, Joseph Henry Allen,
James Freeman Clarke, Amory Battles,
Lucy Stone, Mary Ann Laughton,
A. D. Mayo, B. P. Deane,
Harriet K. Hunt, Mary F. Deane,
Anna Q. T. Parsons, Sarah H. Pillsbury,
Wendell Phillips, P. B. Cogswell,
Ann G. Phillips, C. I. H. Nichols,
William I. Bowditch, Gertrude H. Burleigh,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Paulina Gerry,
Theodore Parker, Adin Ballou,
Lucy H. Ballou,

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

This Association will convene for mutual help and edification, and for the discharge of its appropriate duties as a religious body, in the meeting-house at Old Kennett, Chester County, on First day, the 21st of Fifth month, 1854, at 11 A. M., and continue, by adjournment, from day to day, as long as necessity may require.

TO YOUNG MEN.—PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—Young Men in every neighborhood may obtain healthful, pleasant and profitable employment, by engaging in the sale of useful and popular Books, and canvassing for our popular Journals. For terms and particulars, address, post-paid,

FOWLER & WELLS,

306, Broadway, New York.

April 28

CONNECTION. The Treasurer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society acknowledges to have received Twenty-Five Dollars from D. B. Morey of Boston, in redemption of his pledge made at the annual meeting in 1853. This payment was made many months since, but by inadvertence was then credited to another gentleman.

REFORMATION OF PRISONERS.—A meeting on the subject of Prison Discipline will be held during Anniversary Week. Place to be announced next week.

MRS. C. S. BROWN will deliver an address in the City Hall, Roxbury, on Sunday evening next, at 7½ o'clock. Subject—State Reform School for Girls.

REV. ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—
Westerly, Conn. Sunday, May 21.
Mystic, R. I. Tuesday eve, " 23.
East Greenwich, Wednesday, " 24.
Coventry, Thursday, " 25.
Pawtucket, Friday, " 26.
Narragansett, Sunday, " 28.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will lecture on Human Relations and Duties, on Sunday next, May 21st, afternoon and evening, in Leyden Hall, in Plymouth.

SPIRITUALISM.

One or more members of the Association of Governmentalists, in the Spiritual World, will speak through their Agent, Elias J. Kenny, in Salem, on Sunday evening, 21st inst., in Lyceum Hall, at 7½ o'clock. Admittance, 10 cents, to defray expenses.

NOTICE.

The address of LUCY STONE, during the ensuing summer, will be at Gardner, Mass., care of Mr. Lawrence. Friends will be careful to make the addition, as there is another Lucy Stone in the place.

PORTRAIT OF MR. GARRISON.

THOSE who would secure early and good impressions of Mr. Garrison should order without delay. A few proof copies remain, at \$1 25 each. The others are offered at \$1.

Persons at a distance can have them safely enveloped and mailed for eight cents, if pre-paid. Frames can be furnished to order, including oval and square. Gift and dark wood at prices varying from \$1 25 to \$5 00, and upwards. The approaching New England Anti-Slavery Convention will afford the friends a fitting opportunity to avail themselves of the long-hoped-for faithful portrait of the great anti-slavery Pioneer.

Apply to WM. C. NELL, 21 Cornhill.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE: or, the Reproductive Element in Man, as a means to his elevation and happiness. By Henry C. Wright. The Present in the Child of the Past, and the Parent of the Future. Price, 50 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARCH, No. 16 Franklin street.

POETRY.

From the Onondaga Gazette.

NOSES TO GRIND.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Said to have been recently issued from the United States Senate, in secret session, and done into metre.

BY THE MAN IN THE MASK.

Ho, noses to grind! Any noses to grind?

We've a new patent grindstone, the best of its kind:

A machine Senatorial,

Ready to go for all,

Sham politicians and Northern B'hoys,

By one Mr. Douglas, of great Illinois.

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind,

Any noses to grind,

Here's a ready-made nose-

Grinder, going it blind.

It's an elegant article, surely that name,

It grinds for all sections, of every name;

Yet becomes quite essential

On grounds Presidential,

Endorsed, so it goes, by one General Frank,

While the valorous Senate sit turning the crank.

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind! &c.

Then walk up, Young America; this the good cause is;

Down with you; no skulking; apply your proboscis:

The vista of glory

See it open before you;

O, a God-send this grindstone is, now can we tell,

Who carries the clearest touch conscience to sell.

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind! &c.

Pretty figure you cut with a nose of your own,

When all men of mark then ground to the bone.

See how early it musters

All brave filibusters,

And every would-be renowned politician,

With his nose on the grindstone in courtly submission.

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind! &c.

Look at Mitchell, that terror to Liberty's foes,

Down on his marrow-bones, grinding his nose!

O, isn't he beautiful,

Humble and dutiful,

Meekly imploring some windfall to claim

Fine lot of fat niggers in sweet Alabama!

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind! &c.

Come, then, all ye Northern tools, brave second fiddlers,

Office-seekers, Judge Griens, and Jeremy Diddlers;

You're wanted, there's your glory

And office before ye;

Keep your eye on the spoils and your nose on the stone,

Till your honorable lickspittle service is done.

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind, &c.

And ye, who have other men's noses in keeping,

Up with you! be stirring! no slumbering nor sleeping,

To mount on the pinion

Of slavery's minion!

Bring your own lick the dust! show yourselves the

true mettle,

Or, walk up to the next captain's office and settle!

Chorus—Ho, noses to grind!

Any noses to grind?

Here's a ready-made nose-

Grinder going it blind.

THE "NEB-RASCALITY."

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

As sung at the Concerts given by the Hutchinson Family.

I, sung to the Air of "Dandy Jim."

Kind friends, with your permission, I

Will sing a few short stanzas,

About this new "Nebraska Bill,"

Including also Kansas;

All how they had it "cut and dried,"

To rush it through the Senate,

Before the people rallied, and

Before they'd time to mend it.

II., III., IV.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

Iniquity so very great,

Of justice so defiant,

Of course, could only emanate

From brain of mighty giant.

This giant now is very small,

As all of you do know, sirs;

But then there is no doubt at all,

That he expects to grow, sirs.

There is one thing more I ought to say,

And that will make us even;

It is to mention, by the way,

This giant's name is—Stephen.

"Fo, fi, fo, fum,"

I smell the blood of free-dom;

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,"

Dead or alive, I will have some!

Oh, terribly this giant swore,

With awful oaths and curses,

And language such as I cannot

Engraft into my verses.

There was a giant once before,

And with a giant once before;

That Stephen could be sued with one,

No one would say who knew him.

V.

Air—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

'Twas at the dead of night they met,

(So I'm informed the case is),

Stephen in person leading on

The army of "dough-faces."

They voted, at the dead of night,

While all the land was sleeping,

That all our sacred, blood-bought rights

Were not worth the keeping.

VI.

Air—"Yankee Doodle," double quick time.

Ah! bless those old forefathers, in

Their Continental "trousers,"

Who in their wisdom looked so far,

And organized two houses—

So let them about, their time is short,

They'll very soon be stiller—

For in the House they'll find a boy

Called "Jack the Giant Killer."

VII.

Air—"Scots who ha' wi' Wallace bled."

And now, kind friends, for once and all,

Let's swear upon the altar

Of plighted faith and sacred truth,

To fight and never falter;

That Liberty and Human Rights

Shall be a bright reality,

And we'll resist, with all our might,

This monstrous Ne-brask-a-ility!

THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING.

BY E. P. SELLERS.

I am Robin the First, of the kingdom of song,

And my throne is the bough of the old cherry tree;

The sycophants of Spring bear my mandates along,

And the gentle and good are all subject to me.

Glad, glad is the home near whose precincts I stay,

A grant to abide I'll repay with delight;

My matin shall cheer it at dawn of the day,

And my vesper hymn bless it at coming of night.

As when in the gay bowers of Eden "twas sung,

I sang to the world my melodious strain;

And the heart that was so the earth's discords among

May turn, with my notes, back to Eden again.

I'm Robin the First, of the kingdom of song,

My sceptre the power of melody sweet;

The Summer's glad months my rule shall prolong,

And its drowsy trophies be laid at my feet.

THE LIBERATOR.

The Signs of the Times.

A SERMON

Preached at Scituate, on Fast Day, April 6, 1854.

BY REV. JESSE BARRETT.

Matthew xvi. 3.—Can ye not discern the signs of the times?

This is Fast Day, as it is called—a day professedly

set apart for Public Humiliation and Prayer. Originally,

this day meant something; the people generally

felt the need of it, and made a proper use of it. Now,

it is but little better than a farce; hardly as good, for

that makes no pretensions to be what it is not, and

it might have the virtue of putting us in good humor.

We confess, that we have but little respect for Fast Day,

as commonly observed among us. The Governor ap-

points it by Proclamation; Custom opens the doors of

the churches; Custom leads a few to enter there, to

hear some general confessions, and some general re-

marks about some general shortcomings; while the

mass of the people either regard the day not at all, or

devote it to recreation, riot and excess.

But if there ever was a period in the history of any

nation, when the people ought to pause in their head-

long career, and set apart a day for fasting, Humi-

liation and Prayer, that period is the present, and

the people are our own. If men were ever called upon,

with thrilling earnestness, and by every thing dear and

sacred, to consider well "the signs of the times," we

are so called upon to-day.

And they will be considered. Pulpits, all over the

State, which, for years, have either been dumb with

respect to slavery, or its cringing apologists, will to-

day speak out, and call it infamous. Methinks I hear

them. Men, who, three years ago, to-day, denounced

all agitation of the subject, and all its agitators; de-

fended the Compromise of the previous year, and the

Fugitive Slave Bill,—that quintessence of villany and

inhumanity,—a bill which turned the whole North into

a slave-hunting ground, offered a bribe of five dollars

to Northern citizenship, to induce Northern hirelings to

decide in favor of oppression, and forbade, under

severe penalties, any Christian citizen to obey the prompt-

ings of his soul and the precepts of his religion,—to

follow food and shelter, or even "a cup of cold water,"

to fellow-man or woman in distress, without friends,

putting and struggling for life that is dearer than his

life itself,—methinks I hear these preachers now, sounding

the tocsin of alarm, calling upon their people to bestir

themselves, to rise in their might, and oppose the fear-

ful aggressions of slavery. Hear them! How eloquent

they are! How fearless and brave! How the "pecu-

liar institution" gets it—that on which the safety of the

Union rests, three years ago! How anti-slavery they

are, just now! Why this change of tone and expres-

sion? Why dare the occupants of pulpits now petition,

protest, remonstrate and preach against slavery? Why?

I will tell you. Circumstances have changed a little;

not principles,—they never change, but remain ever

the same. Another political party is in power. There

is a change of Administration; and that Administra-

tion, like the one that preceded it, is giving its influ-

ence and patronage to the support and extension of sla-

very. It is popular, therefore, in this section, to oppose

it. It does not cost any thing, now, to preach anti-sla-

very. The pews will allow the pulpit to speak. No

body will be offended, unless it be some stern old De-

mocrat, or some official, with one hand deep in the

Government's coffers. It is safe and politic now to discuss

and agitate the subject; and discussion and agitation

have.

The Bill now pending in Congress, proposing to re-

peal the Missouri Compromise, and to open the immense

and beautiful Territory of Nebraska and Kansas to sla-

very and slave labor, is an Administration measure.

The Whigs of Boston, and elsewhere, are, of course,

almost to a man, firmly set against it. They make

a rebash and a republication of all their old resolutions

and speeches against slavery; and the churches reiterate

their old sentiments against the same, without fear,

just as if they had been all along the only real and

consistent friends and advocates of freedom; forgetting

how, with Daniel Webster for Dictator, they have co-

operated, and driven out of pulpits, and out of all

"healthy organizations," men of too much principle and

integrity to make any compromise with wrong; men

who felt summoned by the voice of God within them to

oppose and protest against the Bill of 1850, because it

was a violation of right and justice, and because they

knew full well the natural law which attaches to all

wickedness, and by which alone it can grow and

thrive,—that if a single inch is yielded to the spirit

of iniquity, an *ell* will soon be demanded. So it has

proved, and so it always will.

My friends, as much as I abhor slavery and oppres-

sion in all their forms, as much as I fear and detest this

new demand of the Slave Power, I must confess, that I

cannot help looking upon this recent feeling and move-

ment against it, these sudden converts to the cause of

freedom, with distrust, and, in some instances, with

contempt. I am afraid it is not based on firm, unwa-

vering, eternal principle,—on a settled, unalterable

conviction, that to enslave a fellow-man is a damning

sin against Heaven. Those before me who have had

their eyes open to the state of things around us for

the last few years, to the shifting and shuffling of po-

liticians and political parties, and of churches and mi-

nisters, on this subject, will be convinced that the doubt

just expressed is not without some good foundation.

Take an example. Previous to the 7th of March,

1850, the prevailing party of Massachusetts was pro-

fessedly the true anti-slavery party, as the records of

their Legislatures and Conventions will clearly show.

The "solid men," and all the preachers, in and about

the metropolis, gave their united voice against slavery.

Since that memorable day, and that memorable speech,

until recently, how great the change! How have all

their professions and fine sentiments vanished in thin

air; and how has the vilest thing that slavery ever

enacted, been countenanced and defended in the forum,

in the judge's bench, and in the churches of the living

God! Conscience was derided and laughed at; the

"Higher Law" made a jest; man's innate sense of right

and justice trampled under foot; and the moral percep-

tion of the people darkened and corrupted. Such was

the state of feeling during this period, such the eager-

ness to do homage to this Moloch of the nation, that it

was as much as a man's position in society, or his re-

putation for sanity and good sense, was worth, to pre-

sume to raise his voice in opposition. "Fools, fanatics,

disorganizers," were the epithets applied to the few

who, true to their convictions, and to the religion they

professed, spoke earnestly and fearlessly against the in-

iquity, against the "finality," as it was called, against

the "Union-saving measures." The people were told,

repeatedly, that would be the result of that Comprom-

ise; that it was not only immoral and wicked in and

of itself, but that it would lead to greater enormities;

that, from necessity, there could be no finality, no per-

manent peace, except in truth and justice. But the

idea was hooted at and frowned upon.

Four years have not elapsed since your speaker was

thought quite wild and visionary, and even guilty of an

impropriety, because he stated publicly that, in his

opinion, it would require only a change of the Adminis-

tration, a little shifting of circumstances and interests,

to popularize what then was so odious, and to induce

churches, ministers and politicians to advance the

claim of always having been true to Liberty, and to

proclaim doctrines and sentiments which they had just

repudiated. Has not that statement been verified?

And now let me add, that I have not the least doubt,

that if this very Bill now before Congress had eman-

ated from a Whig Administration, and some Daniel

Webster of the party had given his voice and influence

of 1850. Do you wonder, then, that I have so little confidence in these recent demonstrations in favor of freedom? Southern men laugh at them. They know what they mean and what they are worth, and have no fears. They know that here at the North, principles are in the market, ready to be struck off to the highest bidder. Money, patronage, trade, promise of office, will buy Northern men, and the South boasts of it. Why, this very scheme, about which there is so much excitement just now, and about which so much will be boldly said to-day, is, as every body knows, not only one of the legitimate results of the Bill of 1850, and based upon it, but is a child of the North; proposed by a Committee, the majority of whom are Northern men; supported and urged by the President, a Northern man. What care the South about the opposition at the North? Not a straw, if they can only push the measures through. From experience, they have learned how far they can go with impunity. Step by step they have advanced in their encroachments; step by step have we yielded; and now, it does seem as if there would be no stop, till slavery has become completely nationalized and legalized throughout the Union.

To my view, "the signs of the times" are dark and portentous. The present gloomy prospect is the growth of many years. Our Government began with compromising a little with slavery. Hence the few